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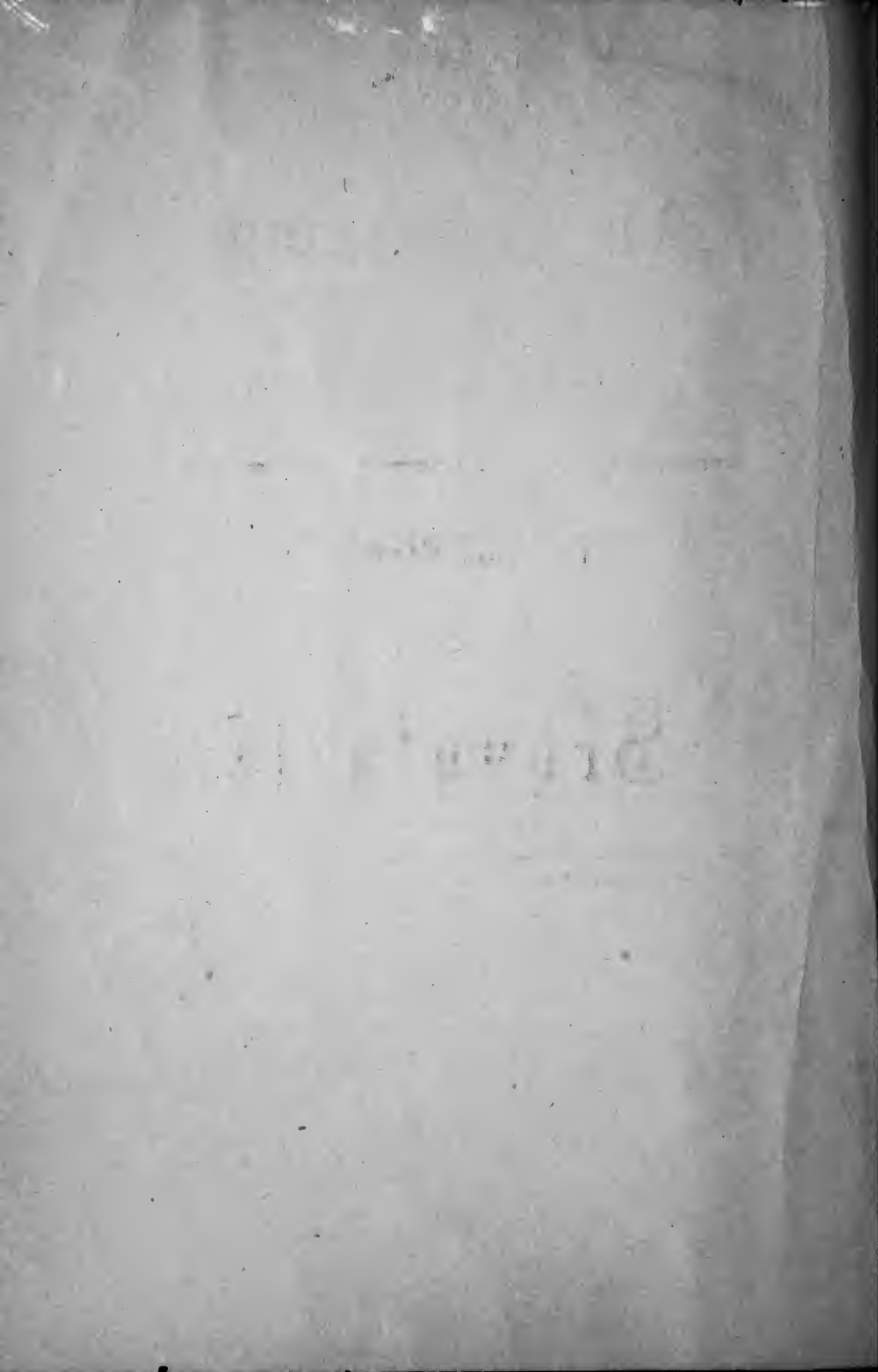
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K. G. Baird, Printers, 207 N. 6th St., Philad.



An Excursion

OF

MR. JOHN EDGAR REYBURN AND HIS COMPANIONS,

MEMBERS OF THE

COURTLAND SAUNDERS INSTITUTE.

June 22d, 1867.

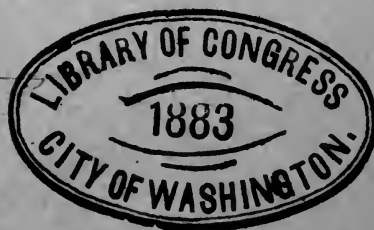
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The Courtland Saunders Institute,
To the famed Nine present their suit;
Be ye but eight this yearly day,
Let one along the river stray.

PHILADELPHIA:

KING & BAIRD, PRINTERS, No. 607 SANSOM STREET.

1867.



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Dear.....

*Will you kindly allow the Students
of Courtland Saunders Institute to furnish
themselves with a copy of the "Impromptu"
which you so kindly wrote in the boat, and
read at our dinner.*

WM. S. BLAIR,

B. F. PINE, JR.,

Committee.



EXCURSION.

Last evening passed in merry mood,
In laying in vast stores of food—
Lean bacon, beef, and lots of lamb,
The best of butter and of jam ;
All forms of bread that charm the eyes—
The loaf, the twist, the cakes and pies ;
Eggs by the dozen, free from fault,
The pickle, radish, pepper, salt.
At nine o'clock it was a sight
To see the tables in their plight ;
The baskets huge were packed by ten,
With full supplies for fifty men ;
All yellow fruits the tropic yields,
And snow-white lumps from sugar fields.
Oh, scorching sun, do thou thy worst,
We're proof against thy burning thirst.
Joy unconfined burst forth in roars,
As waters where the cat'ract pours.
The glee kept on till midnight's hour,
And rose again at dawning four ;

The maids an early meal prepare,
 For hearts elastic as the air.
 The dashing hoofs and clattering wheels,
 Chime in with merry youthful peals.
 O Schuylkill, now these hearts receive,
 Let none this day a moment grieve.
 The bands pair off, the boats are four;
 They are so full—no room for more.
 The sun shines out exceeding bright,
 Or he is veiled with clouds so light
 That on the sky serenely blue
 They seem like gauze of fairest hue,
 As if the angels threw away
 Their flowing robes this charming day.
 The breeze wafts down from fields and bowers
 The perfume of ten thousand flowers,
 Which meet the eye on every side
 Along the Schuylkill's winding tide,
 Where hills and valleys sweetly blend,
 And rocks and trees enchantment lend.
 The Park was passed, which lines each bank,
 Our city's pride, and well may rank
 With ought the world has ever seen—
 A park of hills, a stream between
 Where gondolas of every size
 Give pleasure to admiring eyes,
 Or bear you merrily along,
 With cheerful laugh or patriot's song.

On, on, we glide, the Park is past,
 As up the stream we gladly haste,
 Bridge after bridge falls soon behind
 By force of hand and force of mind.
 The varied scene who can portray?
 Boys everywhere are seen at play,
 Fair maidens, shaded by the trees
 Are of the wild flowers making wreaths,
 For *mothers* dear, as we believe,
 Perchance some *cousin* may receive
 A precious gift that love prepares,
 To show its constancy and cares.
 They looked to see the eagle soar;
 They looked not at a single rower;
 These nymphs received a careless glance,
 But if a matron passed perchance,
 They gazed as gaze bewildered men,
 Each thinking of his mother then.
 The fishermen with patience wait;
 The mule moves on in steady gait,
 And slowly winds the laden craft,
 That up or down its treasures waft;
 And swift the horse is dashing by,
 And swifter still the engines fly,
 And bear along in serpent lines
 Ten thousand tons from mountain mines.
 An absent-minded, wandering man
 Is heard to say, "What rhymes with Ann?"

And then he writes upon his knee
 Some moving words of mystery.
 Who can portray this charming stream,
 Whose beauty is a poet's dream ?
 Well did the famous Moore delight
 To make his home within its sight ;
 O ! for a pen to write each name
 That on this expedition came !
 The writer's name must have no place,
 But, dearest Muse, help him to grace
 Each mother's son with one fair line
 Which thou wilt fondly own as thine ;
 Kind REYBURN, planner of the scheme,
 Thy praises ever fondly teem
 In COURTLAND SAUNDERS INSTITUTE,
 From slowest minds, or most acute.
 Next, Dr. MUNN a word may claim,—
 To do us good his highest aim,—
 To raise our thoughts, our hearts to cheer,
 And urge us to a high career.
 Then Mr. MARCH's smiling mien
 In this narration must be seen,—
 So smoothly gliding to the main
 A graceful stream adorns the plain ;
 And Mr. GUERIN's words of cheer
 To every youthful heart are dear,
 For ever willing to engage
 And turn for us the learned page ;

The elder PINE's sweet, winning smile
 Our saddest hours might well beguile—
 From Colorado never came
 A youth of higher, purer fame;
 And of the brave and noble BKAIR,
 O, Muse, write thou with greatest care
 And tell Chicago how we'll grieve
 When she shall him once more receive;
 Then BETTS and MORRIS next present—
 More pleasing sons were never sent
 To grace an Academus grove,
 Or wander where the youthful rove.
 Now go and teach the great at Yale,
 Through what deep waters here we sail.
 Say, HARRIS, are there more like you
 In Moorestown's halls, so kind and true?
 And GUERIN, say, does Newark fair
 Produce all youth with equal care?
 To Princeton go, and there receive
 What you should teach and men believe.
 Say, FITLER, does the South yield more,
 Who have of merit equal score,
 A quiet, gentle, silent way,
 That never fails to win the day?
 Dear HARPER, with your cheeks so red,
 How do you feel when you have sped
 To College halls and won renown
 By putting the right answers down?

They say one hundred was your grade—
 The highest that is ever made
 In Princeton, where your plans are laid.
 Is HOLLINGSHEAD not loved by all?
 Does he not smile on great and small?
 Does he not labor at his books?
 Is he not pleasant in his looks?
 But what of SWAIN shall now be told?
 That he is learned, wise and bold!
 He is indeed a manly *swain*,
 We scarce shall see his like again.
 What land produced our noble WHITE,
 A youth so studious and so right?
 Where'er we find him, day or night,
 He is the same true-hearted *wight*.
 Ah, Minnesota of the West,
 In STEELE you sent your very best;
 In future time we'll give you *steel*
 With a keen edge, that vice may feel;
 The truest lover of the right,
 Forever with the wrong he'll fight.
 Dear CROZIER, soon to Kansas go,
 And bear your fame as pure as snow;
 Tell Leavenworth what friends you made
 Beneath the oaks which give us shade,
 Tell youth to hasten to our care,
 And in our flowing bounty share.
 Now, GARNETT, to St. Louis speed,

And let each townsman clearly read
 In your fair life our highest praise
 That here you've spent your wisest days.
 Say, LIPMAN, dear, say, why so mild,
 So true, so good? you are no child,
 A *reason*, Lipman, please to give
 That *we may learn* how thus to live,
 And equal grace from God receive;
 Through toilsome months no faults, not one,
 Were seen in all that you have done.
 Meek TYSON is both kind and true,
 All that is right he'll ever do;
 An only and a loving son,
 At home, abroad, all hearts he's won,
 And yet, dear Tyson, with your skill,
 Some more prized heart you may win still.
 Now, ALTEMUS, I wish I could
 Describe you well, for you are good,
 A lofty youth of feelings pure,
 No vulgar joys can you endure.
 That HEPBURN's true, be pleased to write,
 When he is in or out of sight,
 And much beloved by every one
 For the kind deeds he's always done.
 First SAUSSER, gentle, quiet boy,
 Say why so good and why so coy,
 You win our hearts and keep them too—
 This praise is only your just due.

Our younger SAUSSER is a gem,
 And gems, indeed, are both of them ;
 He at his desk works hours and hours
 With all the effort of his powers.
 These brothers has Ohio sent,
 As she her REYBURN to us lent.
 We have a SPACKMAN full of life,
 But there's no malice in his strife—
 A merry-hearted, playful boy,
 His father's hope, his mother's joy.
 Then kindly please to name two others,
 Our friends the HIBBS, two happy brothers ;
 They credit do to Market street,
 And gladly there their friends they greet.
 There REAZOR stands, in quiet grace,
 Deserving well a lofty place ;
 He's calm, and true, and ever kind,
 He is a boy just to our mind.
 Our BILLIN is a diamond rare,
 That should be kept with greatest care ;
 It glitters with the purest ray,
 And yet, though glass, can cut its way.
 Dear BILLIN captivates the eye,
 And 'neath his looks rare virtues lie.
 Let us now write of noble EYRE,
 Who has for speaking talents rare,
 Which should receive the utmost care ;

His speech the Mayor justly said
Was high above each critic's head.

CHARLES THOMPSON is a Jersey Blue,
And COOPER is from Jersey too—
A pair of loving hearts and true.
And now New Jersey claims our RUE;
To her are BETTS and HARRIS due,
Who will a college-course pursue.

I have no strength to write of POWERS,
To do him justice would take hours—
A quiet, working, happy youth,
Who hates all vice and loves the truth.

It is well known the younger PINE
In Colorado found a mine

Of silver ore, and very fine;
And following still a miner's art,
He sinks a shaft in every heart,
And of its love he takes a part.

Our HAHN is from our western coast,
As fair a name as we can boast;
His Christian walk without a stain,
Will his great cheerfulness explain.

Beneath the willows in this dell,
And by our boats that glide so well,
The cloth is spread—dear Muse, farewell!

The tempting treasures, who can tell?
All overpowered by the sight,
Another line how can we write?

Write on, write on, the Muse replies,
 And from the feast withdraw your eyes,
 Till every absent name is heard
 In some polite, suggestive word.
 If Mr. DRIVER and his friend,
 Our Mr. WALKER, could but lend
 Their smiles, their voice, their solid sense,
 Our happiness would be intense.
 If FIELD and SOUTHWORTH both were here,
 They would be glad to see our cheer,
 To their true hearts we must be dear;
 And should they eat 'twould not be queer.
 Our Cuban friend is on the wave,
 We trust that God his life will save;
 And may FRANK live to see each slave
 Of his fair land a freeman brave.
 Please help once more that we may do
 Full justice to our friend FRANK RUE;
 As pure a youth as we can name,
 Dear RUE has merit few can claim,
 And JANVIER is in worth the same;
 Than earth each has a higher aim,
 The brothers three what can detain,
 DE WITT, LE BARR and HORACE JAYNE;
 Keep on, DE WITT, your upward way,
 We wish you were with us to-day,
 How much you've lost let others say—
 Our loss you cannot soon repay.

And when again we go so far,
 That you shall take the boat or car,
 Entirely rest with you, LE BARR,
 For few so noble as you are.
 Now, HORACE JAYNE, that you shall ever
 The bonds of friendship rudely sever,
 With heart so good, and mind so clever,
 We will believe it—never—never.
 Ah, GIBSON, dear, can we not meet?
 And must you feel the fever's heat?
 Of youth along all Walnut street,
 From your West End to Delaware,
 No one is better than you are.
 Where wanders truthful Rood this hour?
 How would he revel in this bower,
 Right glad to see us all devour
 The charming gifts within our power;
 Perchance he'd *taste*, nor think them sour.
 The dinner hastens—haste, dear MUSE,
 Your very quickest thoughts infuse.
 Two FLANNEGANS, sweet, gentle brothers;
 The KEENS, just like them, are two others;
 Then come two WHITSONS, kind and good,
 And DOBBINS of a loving mood;
 We CREGAR prize for virtues rare,
 And GRAYSON, too—a noble pair;
 Each one presents a manly air,

HOPKINS we know would gladly see
 The feast that's spread beneath this tree,
 And with him SHURTLEFF would agree ;
 Kind SIMPSON would the same decree,
 And good MAGUIGAN join the three.
 Then CAFFEE, precious child, bereaved,
 A better boy we ne'er received :
 How with his sorrow have we grieved !
 Our GLENTWORTH BUTLER, far away,
 Would much enjoy this holiday—
 A happy-minded, charming youth,
 Well trained to love God's Holy Truth.
 But REYBURN, master of the feast
 Befitting princes of the East,
 Soon to be followed by far more
 Of our best speakers than a score,
 Is waiting now, with a request
 That first of God it may be blessed.

"Before I join my Sisters eight,
 In justice to my feelings state :
 More freedom from the vulgar jest,
 And language not the very best ;
 More reverence for things divine,
 More courtesy that hearts entwine ;
 More truth, more elegance and love,
 And innocence like that above,
 I never saw where youths are found,
 On Western or on Eastern ground."







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